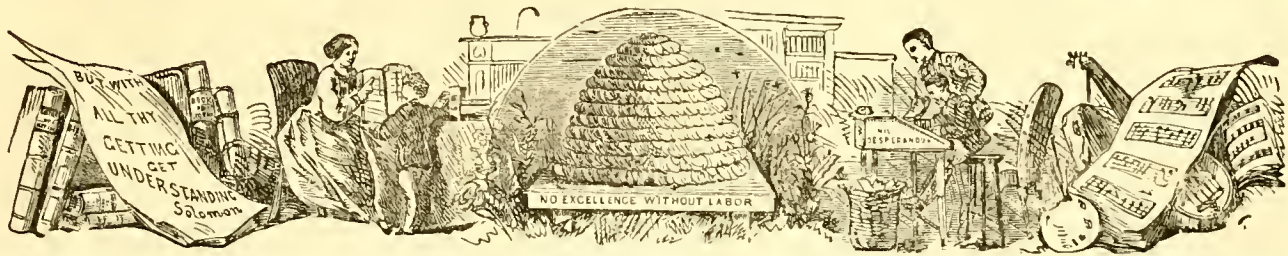


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. XI.

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NO. 2.

LION HUNTING IN ALGIERS.

THE great terror of the natives of Northern Africa is the lion. It is all very well to see him stuffed in his glass case at a museum, or to watch him in his cage at the Zoological Gardens with the pet he has adopted, or being fed out of the barrow at the traveling menagerie; but to see him at home is quite a different thing.

The lion is of the cat tribe—of the very same family with mild purring puss. And so he has big eyes that glow like fire in the dark, and he sees very well with scarcely any light, just as our cats do. At the same time that town cats steal out to walk the walls and roofs, and hold their midnight concerts, the lion in his own country comes down from the mountains or the forests, and roams abroad, making the very earth shake, and the rocks echo with his roar. The sound is something terrific. It begins softly, as if he were talking to himself; then it gradually rises to the loudest and sharpest pitch, and dies away again into the stillness of the night. One who heard it often, declares that it could not possibly be described. The bellowing of a mad bull is like it,



he says, but with this difference, "that it appeared to be to the lion's roar what the report of a pistol might be to that of a cannon, or even less."

When the people of Algeria hear it drawing nearer and nearer, they light fires, which are seen burning from a great distance across the plains and the men and women and half-wild dogs of the Arab *douars* begin shouting and shrieking and howling together, to scare him away. But all that unearthly clamor seems as nothing to the lion's roar; and very often, without taking the least notice of it, he pursues his path and goes in amongst the *douars*. Round each *douar*, or collection of tents, is a fence of prickly plants, six or seven feet high. Over this the lion springs as easily as your cat leaps over a garden border. He does not interfere with the people if they do not interfere with him; but he rushes in amongst the cattle, and seizes a cow. If he can get out no other way, he has been known to fling the animal across his shoulders, and leap out over the barrier again under the ponderous weight. Truly his "sinews" are "like to bands

of iron." The cow or ox is intended for his supper, all for one meal, and often he leaves very little of it. Sometimes, instead of attacking the *douars*, he lies hidden somewhere on the road that the cattle will take when they are led to water, or he comes suddenly into the midst of the herd while they are grazing on a hill-side, and chases the fattest passively before him away to his lair, for he is remarkably fond of beef. As for men, he abstains from taking them, if they do not attack him, or try to defend their property. But the Arabs cannot afford to lose by his ravages; and when day after day they find themselves becoming poorer and poorer, they join in expeditions against the lion that is harassing the neighborhood. Frequently, before they have succeeded in killing him, he has left some of them frightfully mutilated or dead. They tell—what we should call a cruel trait of the lion's character—how sometimes he has seized one of them, and then let him go, only to run a little distance and be under his great claws as securely as ever, playing with the unfortunate man as a cat does with a mouse.

Algeria, you must know, belongs to France, and French soldiers are always stationed there. Some years ago there was a very brave man amongst them, Jules Gerard. He had heard of the miseries brought on many Arab families, some of whom had fallen victims to the lion, while their cattle were being carried away, and their homes made poor. He received leave of absence from his commander, and went from place to place exterminating these kings of the forest. Whenever word was sent to him that there was a lion in the neighborhood of a village, or making a mountain-pass dangerous, or attacking the animals on their way to the water courses, he would go to the place named, and wait for the lion—wait to kill him, taking his gun, and going to the mountain or forest, as it might be, alone in the darkness of night. Thus he rid the country of a number of lions; and the grateful Arabs regarded him, truly enough, as the bravest of men.

We extract the following from the "Life and Adventures" of the "Lion Killer." He says:

"Soon after this I heard loud and heavy steps on the leaves which covered the ground, and the rustlings of a huge body through the trees bordering the glade. It was the lion himself leaving his lair, and ascending toward us without suspecting our presence.

"Bonaziz and the saphi were already shouldering their guns. I then pointed out to them with my foot a lentise some paces behind me, telling them not to stir from that spot until the end of the drama, a command which they did not fail to obey. Indeed, I must give these worthy fellows much credit for persisting in staying by me, notwithstanding their extreme terror; for judge as you please, I for my part think it no mean courage, when you have your doubts about the success of an adventure to accept the passive part of the spectator and to remain unmoved on the scene of action.

"The lion was still ascending; I could now measure the distance which separated me from him, and could distinguish the regular, rumbling sound of his heavy breathing. I then advanced a few paces nearer to the edge of the glade, where I expected him to appear, in order to have a chance of shooting him closer. I could hear him advancing at thirty paces, then at twenty, then at fifteen; still I felt no fear. All I thought was, suppose he was to turn back! Suppose he does not come out into the glade! And at each sound which showed him nearer to me, my heart beat louder, in a complete rapture of joy and hope.

"One anxious thought crossed my mind. What if my gun were to miss fire? thought I, glancing down upon it. But confidence again prevailed, and my only anxiety was for the long wished for appearance of my foe.

"The lion after a short pause, which seemed to me an age, began to come forward again, and presently I could see before me, by the starlight, at but a few paces off, the top of a small tree, which I could almost touch, actually shaken by the contact of the lion. This was his last pause. There was now between us but the thickness of that single tree, covered with branches from the foot upwards.

"I was standing with my face to the wood, and with my gun pointed, so as to be ready to fire the moment the animal should enter the glade; and having still an interval of about a second, I took advantage of it to make sure that I could regulate properly the aim of my barrel. Thanks to a glimmer of light which came from the west, to the clearness of the sky filled with the shining stars, and to the whiteness of the glade, which was conspicuous against the dark green of the forest, I just could see the end of my barrels—that was all—but it sufficed for so close an aim.

"It is scarcely necessary to say that I did not waste much time in this investigation. I was beginning to find that the animal was rather slow in his motions, and to fear that, instead of advancing unobtrusively, he became aware of my presence, and was about to spring over the lentise which separated us. As if to justify this fear, the lion gave two or three deep growls, and then began to roar furiously.

"Oh, my fellow disciple of St. Hubert; you who can feel and understand, fancy yourself at night in the open forest leaning against a small tree, out of which rises a volley of roars enough to drown the noise of thunder itself—imagine yourself with only one single shot to fire on this formidable animal, who only falls by the merest chance under a single ball, and who kills his opponent without mercy if he is not killed himself. You can doubtless understand that, had I trusted to strength alone, my heart would have failed me; in spite of my efforts, my sight would have become dim and my hand unsteady.

"Yes, I confess frankly, and without shame, that terrible roar made me feel that a man was small indeed in the presence of a lion; and without firm will and that absolute confidence which I derived from the inexhaustible Source of all power, I believe I should have failed in that awful moment. But this strength enabled me to listen to the tremendous voice of my enemy without trembling or emotion, and to the end I retained a perfect mastery over the pulsation of heart, and a full control over my nerves.

"When I heard the lion make a last step, I then moved a little aside, and no sooner did his enormous head rise out of the wood two or three yards from me, and stop to stare at me with a look of wonder, than I aimed between the ear and the eye, and slowly pressed the trigger.

"From the instant I touched this until I heard the report of the gun, my heart ceased to beat. After the shot I could see nothing; but through the smoke which enveloped the lion I heard the most tremendous, agonizing, and fearfully protracted roar.

"My two men meantime, jumped up, but without making a step forward, and unable to see any thing, stood with their guns shouldered, ready to fire. For myself, I waited, dagger in hand and one knee on the ground, until the smoke dispersed, and I could see how matters stood.

"As soon as all was clear, I beheld, first, a paw, and heavens what a paw! then a shoulder, then the head, and at last the whole body of my enemy. He lay on his side and gave not the smallest sign of life."

In our next number we will give our readers a picture of Jules Gerard, and an interesting account of his pet lion, Hubert.

Old America.

BY G. M. O.

ANCIENT PERU.

(Continued.)

GARCILAZO DE LA VEGA, the son of a Spaniard and Nusta, grand-daughter of the Inca, Tupac Ynpanqui, was born at Cuzco in 1540. He lived in Cuzco without education until nearly twenty years of age, "his intellectual development being confined" says Baldwin, "to the instruction necessary to make him a good Catholic." He left Peru at this early age for Spain, never to return, and devoted his life seeking distinction as a soldier, but failed. When nearly sixty he commenced writing his history of Peru, "Commentarios Reales," his materials being his own recollections, gleanings from Spanish writers, and what he had learned from his mother. The first part of his history was published in 1609, when he was nearly seventy years old. "Baldwin says, 'It can readily be seen that Garcilazo's history, written in this way, might have a certain value, while it could not be safely accepted as an authority.' His work, however, has acquired a great reputation, and has been regarded as the highest authority on all things relating to ancient Peru and the glorification of the Incas and their times. We will give our readers a sketch of this history, and then follow a more correct and able writer, Montesinos.

According to Garcilazo's version of the Peruvian annals, the rule of the Incas began with the mythical Manco Capac, and lasted over five hundred years. Manco Capac and his sister Mama Oello first made their appearance in Peru in the valley bordering on Lake Titicaca. He was noble in person and eloquent in speech. The natives, charmed with his persuasive address and gentle teachings, soon submitted to his laws, gave up their wild pursuits and applied themselves to the tillage of the soil. While Manco taught the men how to clear the ground, sow seed, make ditches and irrigate the earth, Mama Oella instructed the women how to spin the llama wool and weave it into cloth. When this work was fully under way, the new ruler built the city of Cuzco. Here the royal palace was built and the great temple dedicated to the sun. After organizing his capital, Manco, in the name of the sun, set out to look after the tribes surrounding him. He devoted several years to this political and religious aim, spreading sun worship and acquiring subjects and territory. This mysterious "son of the sun" began to reign in 1021, A. D., and died in 1062, having reigned forty years. He was followed by his son Sinchi-Rocca, who reigned thirty years, from 1062 to 1091. The great temple begun by Manco was finished during this monarch's reign. Lloque-Yupanqui reigned thirty-five years, from 1091 to 1126. It is to this emperor that historians attribute the decoration of the temple so lavishly, with gold and silver exacted from the obedient tribes, and used force instead of persuasion in extending his realm. He set up the first astronomical observatories in the empire. His reign was also distinguished for the excellence of the people in poetry, literature, music and other sciences. Mayta-Capac, son of Lloque, was the fourth Inca, reigning thirty years, from 1126 to 1156. His period is chiefly remarkable for the discovery of the ruins of Tiahuanaco, the invention of suspension bridges and the addition of provinces to the empire. Capac-Yupanqui, the fifth emperor, reigned forty-one years. He followed his father's career of conquest,

extending his dominion to the Pacific coast. He died in 1197, and was succeeded by the Inca Rocca, who reigned fifty-one years; from 1197 to 1249. He subjugated tribes north of Cuzco, and founded schools of science, music and literature. Yahuar Capac, the seventh Inca, reigned forty years, from 1249 to 1289, and made conquests like his predecessors. During his absence on an expedition his son started a revolt, but it was suppressed with great slaughter by the king, he pillaging his his own capital, Cuzco, which was held by the insurgents. He was, however, subsequently defeated by his son and compelled to abdicate. It was in his time that guano was first used for agricultural purposes by the Peruvians. After dethroning his father, Viracoca ascended the throne and reigned fifty-one years, from 1289 to 1340. His period is distinguished for the extension he gave to agriculture, the aqueducts he built and the canals he constructed for irrigation. He also built several temples to the sun. It was during this reign that the visits of inspection began, which the Incas were afterwards accustomed to make to all parts of the empire. His son, Inca Urco, ruled eleven days, and was then deposed "as a fool, incapable of governing," and another son, Titu-Manco-Capac-Pachacutec, reigned sixty years. This emperor broke through the old rule con-training the royal rulers to marry a sister, and took to wife a noble lady of the people. He made many conquests in war, and made many additions to the dress, among others the use of cotton. The designs woven in the cotton stuffs of this period are described as being marvelously delicate and beautiful. The art of pottery attained great perfection, and works in gold and silver filagree, representing flowers in bloom, birds with their tails spread and shaped to burn perfumes, statuettes, etc., are among the curiosities of this reign. Tradition says this emperor lived to be one hundred and three years old. His reign commenced in 1340 and ended in 1400. The tenth emperor was Yupanqui, who reigned thirty-nine years, from 1400 to 1439. He extended the limits of the empire, and completed the adornment of the temple of the sun. His peculiar fancy was to collect the wild beasts of the forest, birds, snakes, etc., for which he constructed four large buildings. Tupac Yupanqui reigned thirty-six years, from 1439 to 1475. To him is ascribed the building of that remarkable fortress, Sacasahuaman, which the old Spanish historians mention as the eighth wonder of the world, and which modern writers are not slow to praise. Huayna-Capac, the twelfth Inca, the "most glorious of them all," reigned fifty years, from 1475 to 1525. The chief wonder of his reign was the marvelous chain of gold he caused to be made on the occasion of his son's first hair-cutting. The links of this chain were as large as the rings on a common ox-yoke, and in length nearly eight hundred yards. It begirt the great square of Cuzco. The chain, it is said, was thrown into Lake Mohina, when the Spaniards invaded the country. This emperor first beheld the Spaniards on the coast. It is said he was at Sechura and saw Balboa tacking past in his caravel. It is also said that on his deathbed he predicted that strangers sent by Pachacamac (the Deity) would possess the country and put an end to the dynasty of the Incas. After his death the empire was divided between his two sons, Huascar and Atahualpa. This caused a civil war, which ended with the death of Huascar in 1532. Atahualpa, then resting at Caxamarca, saw himself in fancy the sole monarch of a mighty state, when Pizarro and his companions suddenly appeared on the scene. This consummate scoundrel arraigned the Inca as a fratricide and condemned him to be burnt alive. This was commuted, however, on condition of baptism. This the Inca consented to, and was baptized and then garrotted May 3, 1532.

(To be Continued.)

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

BY C. R. SAVAGE.

CHAPTER TWO.

OUR tramp now informed us that we must learn to "cadge" in other words to beg from door to door. He told us the world owed us a living, and it was nothing but right that we should get it in the easiest possible manner. He said if we would pitch the right kind of a tune, we could make nearly everybody dance to our music; to be plain, he said, we must knock at each door, pull a long face, and, having a carefully prepared story ready for different persons, we could "bleed" anybody.

"Should an old lady come to the door, tell her," said he, "that you are a poor orphan boy, without home or friends, and have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. The story must be told in a whining tone, and, should they slam the door to, abruptly, push your foot suddenly between the door and door frame. Keep up your whine, and you will rarely fail. In case a man should come to answer your knock, your tone must be changed; you must merely enquire the road to the next town, and, if he should listen, say that you are going to try and find your father, who has gone off and left your mother without means, and with a large family on her hands, and that you are hungry, and tired with walking. A little practice will enable you to get up almost any kind of a story suited to your circumstances."

His plan was that he should take care of the means we might obtain; and thus the big loafer was to wait for the proceeds of our begging, and live upon our efforts.

It was a long time before we could summon up courage to commence business; but hunger knows no law, and we got started at begging, with indifferent success at first, but, as practice makes perfect, we finally got along tolerably well.

Sometimes we were peremptorily ordered off; at other times the dogs were turned loose upon us; and, occasionally, some coarse specimen of humanity would take us by the ear, and, after slapping us freely, put us out of the garden or enclosure, as the case might be.

We generally met with good luck when we could see the ladies of a household; and, although they were deceived as to the nature of our stories, they could not be as to the fact of our being poor little waifs that society had turned its back upon.

Our appearance was by no means prepossessing, and well-dressed little boys gave us a wide berth. We were being classed by thoughtful people as wicked boys that must have been so bad that nobody could do anything with us, and as a consequence we had been turned out of our homes.

Our patron gave us a great deal of encouragement, and said we were of the right stripe; that the three of us could now live in "clover," or, otherwise, in good style; that we could make enough to avoid sleeping in the station-houses, and could enjoy the luxury of a "padding ken," or tramp's boarding house, which, in his estimation, was a step higher in the tramp's scale of advancement; for the station-house was the last resort of a poor beggar, when he could do no better.

These station-houses were places provided by the "guardians of the poor," so called, in the South of England, for the poor, miserable outcasts who had no shelter when night came on. This class generally consisted of poor creatures whose senses were sold to the demon Intemperance; who had grown oblivious

to all sense of decency, and were glad to get any place to sleep in, even though it was only a slanting board, with the head raised a little higher than the feet. In the morning they would get a pound of dry bread each, to keep them alive, for which they were compelled to break stones for the public highway, to the full value. As this operation meant work, our tramp didn't like it; and hence he viewed with feelings of pleasure the prospect of being able to escape this sore trial.

By dint of continued effort we had accumulated quite a store of eatables and some little money. The latter article was not considered a safe thing for boys to have, and, as a consequence, it was taken charge of by our dear friend, into whose clutches we had consigned ourselves.

His code of honor was well defined. If we could not get a living by asking for it we could do the other thing—help ourselves; but as the latter operation was attended with some risk, it was well to avoid it when we had not got a good chance. But he was careful not to directly tell us to steal; he had not yet made up his mind as to how far he could trust us.

Night wore on; the first day of our apprenticeship to the scoundrel, was drawing to a close. A mile or two farther on would bring us to a little town where we would have good quarters and see life. If I remember rightly, that little town was Wickham, in Hampshire, England.

The miserable specimen of humanity to whom we had confided ourselves for safe keeping now began to brag of what he could do for us: he would find a number of his friends where we were going, to whom he would introduce us, and he would let us see how he could provide for our advancement, and show us "a thing or two."

The shades of evening had fallen upon us as we entered the "Traveler's Joy," a dirty and uninviting kind of an inn, in a little back street, in the aforesaid town. A bar was fitted up with a kind of pump with three or four handles, and stout of any quality called for could be obtained, no doubt from the same well. Huge barrels, nicely painted, were marked—"Gin," "Brandy," "Rum," etc. Our tramp, after introducing himself, called for a pot of "half and half," and quickly disposed of it. This was paid for out of our little store; but as our little stomachs were weak, he was afraid to offer us any; it might have made us sick—he was so thoughtful. He kindly introduced us as two young friends of his who were going up to London under his charge. What he said to the landlord on the sly, I do not know, but he said enough to convince me that he was rather playing double; but of course we had to make the best of our bargain.

My host looked like the celebrated Teuton who, it is said, got up in the morning a beer barrel and went to bed at night a barrel of beer. He looked equal to any dirty work he might be called upon to do, in a quiet way; for while it was necessary to keep up a certain appearance of respectability to the general public, to the patrons of his "ken" he was one of them.

From the bar a passage way led to the rear; and we entered a large room, smelling strongly of all sorts of eatables. Around a large kitchen fire all sorts of cooking was going on. The "cadgers" were out in full force; and as each of them turned out his stores of "grub," you might have seen enough to feed fifty or sixty stout hungry men. Our stock was no mean accumulation—bread, mustard, pieces of beef, mutton, fish, etc., all mixed up. The sorting process was next gone into; and then followed supper—some of the occupants had done well; they, of course spurned the scraps for a beefsteak with onions, served up by a one-eyed cook, who was on hand to wait upon the aristocrats.

Talk about aristocracy, you can find it everywhere; even the chimney sweep, who used to crawl up chimneys by pressing with his back and knees against the flue, was looked down upon by the aristocratic sweep who possessed a patent machine, just in the same way that the man who sells goods behind a counter regards the merchant who tramps from door to door as his inferior.

Two or three fellows in this motley crowd, in sailor garb, had been singing and shouting all day through the streets some old ditty that smelt strongly of salt water; and when they got merry after supper, could not refrain from singing more. A few words of the song still linger in my memory:

"That very night the gale came on;
Our ship from her anchor away did-a-run."

One of these sailor tramps had but one eye, and a great black patch over the blind side of his face; another one had only one arm; and the third a wooden leg. They were indeed a queer trio, but their misfortunes made good capital for them. I could almost say with perfect confidence that they had lost their limbs in a drunken brawl and had never been on salt water in their lives.

Another character attracted my attention. He had on a paper hat, folded square, and a white apron. He was a stocking-weaving tramp, that used to go through the streets with a machine, trying to sell stockings, and exciting sympathy by pretending to weave in the streets for a living. The novelty of the machine attracted attention, and a diligent confederate would be selling the stockings he pretended to weave with the machine, but which were in reality bought ready made, and proved generally to be of the poorest kind.

Other characters filled up the picture, and the medley of noise and confusion made our little heads whirl. A woman with a squeaky voice wanted us to go with her and her man. The delightful pair used to sing religious hymns in the streets, with four or five children, spread out across the street. They generally selected a wet day for their free concert. Of course the children were hired to look doleful, like Dickens' patent mourners in *Oliver Twist*. They said they were doing well, and offered us plenty to eat and drink.

A tall specimen of humanity had about ten feet of the songs of the day on a sheet. He was offering three yards in length of songs for a penny. Another one had a painted board on the end of a pole about six feet long, on which was depicted some horrible murder, with all the sickening details, in six sections. This man seemed very flush with money, as he was treating the rest to beer very freely. The particulars commanded a ready sale. That horrible sign board is before me in my imagination now; the murderer is cutting up the body and burying it in a cellar.

This blood red literature was generally garnished with a copy of verses that told immensely with the gaping crowd. Many others were pointed out to me and my chum, Tom Fairchild, for that was his name, as showing how to get on in the world.

I need hardly say that the impression made upon me was unfavorable. The first feeling of fear as to the course I was pursuing began to creep into my mind. I readily know now that the monster who held us looked upon us as a means to help him to live, as he admitted we were very successful, and thought by spinning around us a web of fancied great future prospects he could entrap us and hold us fast.

Towards ten or eleven o'clock the crowd began to get very noisy, and some of them pretty drunk and quarrelsome; the worst features of their natures commenced to show themselves, and we began to get afraid. We were pointed to a dirty little

mattress in the corner of a room up a rickety stair; and in the same chamber others were trying to sleep on a like accommodation. Now and then a drunken tramp would come into the room and wake up the rest by tumbling first over one and then another. The poor little runaways were nearly frightened to death, for awful oaths and imprecations were freely used, and at one time I thought there would be bloodshed, but perhaps I was frightened.

Tired and weary we closed our eyes upon such a scene, and forgot all; and while I now write, I endorse with all my heart the sentiment that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives.

The boys and girls of Utah, who have never beheld like scenes, do not know the crucial test that the rising generation in large cities are put to. In this blessed western world, poverty, springing from over crowded cities, is not known. Any man or boy with ambition can rise; but there, in order to do so, he has to lift a weight that frightens the most of them, and they drift into the maelstrom of vice, and sink to rise no more.

Let us draw the veil over the "Travelers' Joy" and its inmates, for the night, and see what the morning sun brings forth in our next chapter.

SUNDAY LESSONS. FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

ON THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.—LESSON XXVI.

Q.—Were the promises fulfilled?

A.—Yes.

Q.—In what way?

A.—They went into the woods and prayed to the Lord.

Q.—What did they pray for?

A.—They asked the Lord to show them the plates, etc.

Q.—How did the Lord answer their prayer?

A.—An angel of the Lord brought the plates and turned over the leaves, one by one.

Q.—What else did they see?

A.—They saw the breastplate, the sword of Laban and the Urim and Thummim.

Q.—What then did the Lord require them to do?

A.—The Lord required them to bear record of what they had seen and heard.

Q.—Where can their record or testimony be found?

A.—On the first page of the Book of Mormon.

Q.—Are there any other witnesses to the truth of the Book of Mormon.

A.—Yes.

Q.—How many?

A.—Eight.

Q.—Where is their record to be found?

A.—On the first page also of the Book of Mormon.

Q.—What is the testimony of these eight witnesses?

A.—That Joseph showed them the plates and they handled them.

Q.—How many witnesses in all testified to the truth of the Book of Mormon.

A.—Twelve, including Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

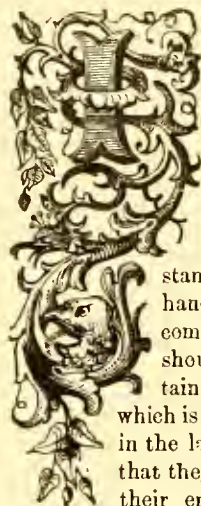
MANLINESS.—Learn from the earliest days of your experience to insure your principles against ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in perfect dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you live in the constant fear of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, do it, however rustic, antiquated, or pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1876.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



T is very frequently a subject of remark among persons who are not of our faith that there is something most unaccountably strange in the calm serenity—almost indifference—with which the Latter-day Saints regard the efforts that are being made at the present time by their enemies to rob them of their liberties and destroy them as a people. Viewing it from their standpoint, it is indeed strange that a little handful of people, as the Latter-day Saints are, compared with those antagonistic to them, should be so reckless and fool-hardy as to entertain a belief in and practice a form of religion which is objected to by not only those who bear rule in the land, but also by the world at large. And, that they should look placidly on at the efforts of their enemies when, to all human appearance,

nothing can prevent them from having their property confiscated, and from being imprisoned and punished, seems doubly strange. Yet to the faithful Latter-day Saint, who views things by the light of the Spirit of God, the almost superhuman efforts that are made by our enemies from time to time to bring trouble upon God's people and effect the overthrow of His work furnish no cause for alarm. Though, numerically, we are not to be compared with those who oppose us, we know that so long as our course is approved by God we have nothing to fear.

Every true Latter-day Saint, who lives his religion as he ought to, possesses an inward consciousness of the sanction and approval of God, that enables him to view with complacency the workings of the various schemes of Satan and his host of emissaries here upon the earth, and listen to their threats and menaces, unmoved by fear.

The only thing we need concern ourselves about is whether we are living our religion as we should, or whether we are disregarding the requirements of the gospel and allowing iniquity to exist in our midst; because, if the latter be the case we may expect to be scourged—we may expect to have to suffer at the hands of our enemies. However, if such should be the case, it would not be that our enemies cause would be right and ours wrong, but rather that our actions were deserving of punishment, and that God suffered them to prevail for a season to serve His righteous purposes.

If we depended upon our own power, and did not feel that we had some claim upon the protection of God, that calmness and sense of security which ever exists in our midst could not be found.

There has been no period since our Church has been organized, when our enemies have entirely ceased their efforts to destroy us, and when they have not flattered themselves that their work was almost accomplished. And many times too the Lord has suffered them to hedge up the way of the Saints until nothing but the miraculous power of the Almighty could save them, as if it were to test the faith of His people; but in no instance has that power failed to deliver them.

The strongest possible efforts are being made at the present time by the enemies of the Saints, to effect legislation to deprive them of their rights and liberties, and effectually break up the institutions of their religion; but we know that all their efforts will be futile so long as it is not the design of God that such should be the case. What an easy matter it would be for Him to divert the attention of Congress from the subject or to influence the members in our favor. This could all be done quite naturally, as it has been done in the past. Or, if necessary, He could work in our favor by a means which the philosophers of the world would not consider so natural; as we know that in some instances He has done. We will give an instance of this:

At the time when the Saints were being expelled from their homes in Nauvoo, Illinois, after those who were able to do so had crossed the river and taken their journey westward, and but a few were left, and many of them in a sick and helpless condition, a large force of the blood-thirsty mob came upon and besieged the city, with the evident intention of exterminating the inhabitants. The Saints defended themselves as best they could, but their weapons were few and very inferior, and when they had mustered their forces they did not number more than about one to every fifteen of the mob, who were well armed. To all human appearance, resistance against such odds would seem rash and vain; yet they could hope for nothing from surrender to such an enemy, for it would likely have been death to the men and worse than death to the helpless women. Trusting in the power of God to aid them, the Saints offered the best defense they could, and were so successful that the mob were finally glad to raise the siege. But nothing could convince the fifteen hundred desperate men that composed the enemy's forces that they were opposed by not more than about seventy-five men, aided by a few women and boys. Some of the mob afterwards declared that they saw thousands of men in the "Mormon" camp; and no doubt the Lord magnified the little force of His faithful servants in the eyes of their enemies, to produce the desired effect.

Scores of instances might be enumerated in which the power of God has been manifested in behalf of His Saints as signally and as opportunely as in the case cited. We know on whom we depend. We know that God has the power to save us; and that though all the world should oppose us, with God on our side we have a great majority in our favor.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

OUR little readers will think the tea party which is represented in the picture on our next page rather a curious affair and, indeed, the Japanese are a very curious people. Instead of having comfortable chairs to sit upon, and a table to set the various dishes of their food upon, they place their dishes and pots of rice, fish, fowl, tea, or whatever else they are going to eat or drink, on the floor, and then squat on the floor themselves, in a circle around the food, as we see them pictured in the engraving, something after the manner of our native Indians. There is this difference, however, between their manner of eating and that of the Indians: the Japanese eat with chop-sticks, such as we may see two of the figures in the picture using, which is a style that would not be likely to suit the Indians, nor us, either, for that matter.

But it is not only in their manner of eating, that the Japanese differ from the people of most other nations; but also in their appearance, in their dress, and in their customs. The following description, given by Chambers, will convey to our

readers a very correct idea of this curious people:

"The complexion of the Japanese varies from a deep copper color to the fairness of western nations, but is more frequently of a light-olive tint. Their mental and moral characteristics are a proud, sensitive, and somewhat vindictive disposition, punctilious notions of honor, together with pride of birth; and they are generally described as a friendly race, good-humored, contented, industrious, intelligent, brave, frank, manly, energetic and polite, with the exception, however, of the military, feudal, and official caste. The town costume of the Japanese gentleman consists of a loose silk robe, extending from the neck to the ankles, but gathered in at the waist, round which is fastened a girdle of brocaded silk. Over this is worn a loose, wide-sleeved jacket or spencer, decorated with the wearer's armorial device. A cylindrical cap, made of bamboo and silk, white stockings, and neat straw sandals, complete the attire. Trousers

are only worn by official persons on occasions of special ceremony. A head entirely shaven is the distinctive mark of priests and the higher class of medical practitioners, in others, the hair is shaved off about three inches in front, combed up from the back and sides, and glued into a tuft at the top of the head, where it is confined by pins of gold or tortoise-shell. The hair of the women is more abundant, but otherwise their dress very much resembles that of the men. In the country, a short



JAPANESE TEA PARTY.

cotton gown is often the only clothing, and the lower classes go almost in a state of nudity. The men are generally elaborately tattooed over the greater part of the body with figures of men and women, bright-blue dragons, lions, tigers, etc. The women have a mania for painting and powdering their skin. * * * * The social position of women is, in some respects, more favorable than in most pagan countries. The ladies of Japan, however, live in strict seclusion, and little is known about them.

The marriage ceremony is an important part of social etiquette; the families of both bride and bridegroom meet and celebrate the event. Saki flows abundantly, and great feasting and hilarity prevail. When a maiden marries, her teeth are blackened, her eyebrows plucked out, and artificial ugliness is henceforth cultivated to the greatest possible extent."

The bath is a great institution in Japan. Men and women bathe together, with a perfect absence of decorum, but without sense of immodesty. The social position of every man is fixed by his birth. Men of rank only are allowed to enter a city on horseback.

The Japanese also have a very curious custom of burying their dead. The body is placed in a sitting posture, with the hands folded in the attitude of devotion; and the coffins are all circular in form. Over the graves they place monuments of granite, elaborately carved, which in many instances are beautiful specimens of architectural taste.

Stories About Utah.

BY J. L. BARFOOT.

OUR RAILROADS.

It seems almost as something prophetic when we read the Memorial to Congress for the construction of a Grand Central Railroad to the Pacific coast, dated as it is from this Territory, by our Legislature, March 3, 1852.

What a small community to ask for such a big thing! What prescience, too, is foreshadowed in that memorial! Salt Lake City had only been founded in the fall of 1847, when, with four hundred for a population, they built the "Old Fort" on the site of the ten-acre lot now known as the "Old Fort Block," in the Sixth Ward of this city. There the flag of our country, the stars and stripes, waved proudly on soil then belonging to Mexico. Along the western side of that block now runs the locomotive of the Utah Southern Railroad, whence it is stretching itself southward through our southern settlements, and will eventually wind its way to San Diego and the Pacific coast.

And proudly, too, may our youth look back upon that early period, and review the doings of their fathers. It is well to drink in the spirit that animated them and gave rise to that memorial, and the noble sentiments it contains. Many of the men who took part in the doings of those days have passed away from this busy scene; those who remain may complacently let memory recur to those early times when Providence was using them, as He is this people to-day, to bring to pass His purposes.

One sentiment which stands forever recorded in that memorable document will be commented upon when we too are gone behind the veil, as an evidence of exalted philanthropy. Among a host of reasons given for a trans-continental railway stands one worthy to be written in letters of gold: "*the road herein proposed would be a perpetual chain, or iron band, which would effectually hold together our glorious Union with an imperishable identity of mutual interest.*" That this expression is as true as all the other noble sentiments contained in this memorial to Congress, will be verified as surely as the others have been.

Seventeen years after this memorial was prepared, in May, 1869, President Brigham Young broke the ground for the

Utah Central Railroad at Ogden. The following September track-laying commenced towards Salt Lake City, and on the 10th of January, 1870, the last tie was laid and the last spike was driven by President Young, at the Depot in this City, in the presence of 15,000 people. And the work of making railroads did not terminate with this; from the Depot of the U. C. R. R. the Utah Southern Railway has extended and is still extending south. Westward a railway already brings us in communication with our grand central sea, the Great Salt Lake. In addition, branch lines are connecting from every canyon with the great trunk lines so auspiciously commenced.

From Ogden we have a line extending through our northern settlements into Idaho, and gradually pushing its way to other Territories. And with railroad extension into our canyons the coal and the iron are being developed. In our southern counties coke-making and suitable coal for smelting is abundant; and in the progress of events, that are hurrying along with a rapidity never before known, there is no doubt whatever that iron will be made as it is required to be, in immense quantities.

This will be a country of railroads, branching out and extending through this entire continent. With the telegraph and railroads the people are brought together; distance is now measured by time rather than by space. And if the efforts of the fathers of the rising generation in this Territory did not accelerate the formation and development of the railroads and their appliances, we have at least the proud satisfaction of knowing that their words have been verified and are still being fulfilled, as expressed in that grand old document, the Memorial to Congress in 1852.

HANDEL.

"I DON'T care how much idea about music George may have; no boy of mine shall be a mountebank, and a musician is pretty much the same thing. Don't talk to me! I'll have no idle fiddlers in my family, which has always been respectable!" And so Dr. Handel, of the town of Halle, pulled his cocked hat well over his nose, gave his big cane a fierce thump on the polished oak floor, and went off to visit his patients, rather in a temper with his wife, because she had said that it was a pity not to let young George learn music properly, as he seemed so very, very fond of it, although he had had so little teaching—how fond of it she alone knew; for who else could have got the child that funny dumb spinnet—a muffled instrument, then much used in nunneries, where its strings were all covered with strips of cloth, that they might not trouble with melodious sounds the pious meditations of the sisterhood. Such a detestation had the papa for all sorts of music, that he would allow no piano in the house. He would not even allow the child to be sent to school, or to visit where he would be likely to hear any instrument, so fearful was he of encouraging a taste he thought low; for in those days even a good musician held a very different position to what he would do now-a-days, when art is honored and rewarded. And so the little boy used to steal up into the cornery attic of that quaint old house, and play on the little spinnet that told no tales. There, without any teaching or encouragement, he spent long hours alone, and by dint of working away—sometimes after everyone else was asleep—he at length knew how to play; and then more than ever he felt that he loved music—and games, or books, or toys, nothing else had a charm for him. It was a passion, a delight. No work was too hard that helped him to understand its mysteries.

One day, when he was seven years old, the whole house seemed astir with preparation, and his father had the child brought out of his bed to give him a parting kiss before he started for a journey. "But where are you going, papa?" asked George; "cannot I go with you?" "I am going to visit your step-brother, who is, as you know, valet to the Grand Duke, and lives in a palace; so I cannot take you, my dear. It would not be convenient." The child begged and entreated, but all to no purpose. Then he went away to cry, they thought. But no; the determined youngster, being dressed, waited till the carriage had started, and set off after it on foot, determined to follow it to the Duke's palace; but presently the doctor, happening to look out of the window saw his little boy tramping along the dusty road, evidently intent on following him. So they stopped the vehicle. George was waited for, scolded, and finally taken in, and accompanied his father. A very naughty trick you will say; yet one that showed what a determined young urchin he already was. Perhaps it was the same determinate spirit that made him succeed in the long run.

Once at the palace, the father was taken up so by his elder, that he did not trouble about his younger son, who wandered about the beautiful grounds. Then he strolled into the chapel, where service was being held, and stood, eager-eyed, listening to the sacred music—the beautiful anthem that pealed through the building. How fine the organ was! How different to that poor spinnet at home! How happy he should be if he could see it near; and so, by-and-by, he strolled up into the organ-loft, and, unnoticed, watched the organist. Soon the service ended, and the man left the room. The temptation was too strong. George could not keep his fingers off. He sat down and played, very softly at first; then he went on playing more boldly, forgetful of all except that this glorious instrument sounded out his touch, and delighted him. This was the music he had dreamed of, at last!

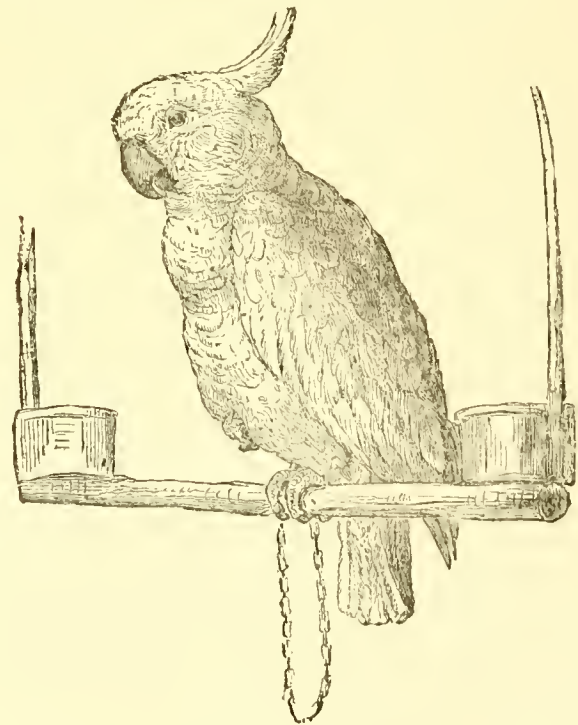
Now it happened that the Prince Elector, himself a musician, had remained in the chapel; and great was his surprise at hearing this new hand on his fine organ. None of his courtiers played: who could it be? "Fetch the impertinent intruder instantly!" And at the words the musician was brought, trembling and rose-red, before him—a pretty curly-headed boy, very frightened, and not quite sure whether they were going to cut that curly head off for his presumption. But every one smiled, and encouraged him, and the prince drew him to his knee, patted his curls, and asked him who had taught him to play so well. Then the child told his story—how he loved music so very dearly; how papa would not listen, but said he must be a doctor; how he had taught himself all he knew on the dumb spinnet, in the garret, and how the sound and the sight of the organ had been too great a temptation. How beautiful it was! Oh, how he wished he could play properly on it! Oh, if he could one day be a great musician! Oh, if papa would consent! So talked the child; and the duke, looking into those bright blue eyes, felt how to help the little pleader. So he sent for the father, and talked the good doctor into giving his reluctant consent that his boy should be allowed to take lessons from the cathedral organist. He even offered to send the child to Italy, but that was too much. After all, if a sovereign duke admired music so much, it might not be such a very bad profession, though a doctor's would be much better. And so the boy was made happy—allowed to learn all the old-fashioned organist could teach him of the violin, organ, and hautboy. But the master very soon announced that his clever and industrious pupil knew all that he could teach him, and more, though all this time he had had to study Latin and medicine, in case he should change his mind.

But I cannot tell you all I should like about Handel—how at eleven years old he was received at Berlin as a prodigy by all the musical world; before he was fourteen his opera of *Elmira* had been produced at Hamburg, and four more were composed before he was eighteen. How hard he worked, and how celebrated he became, has become almost a matter of history.—*Selected.*

PARROTS.

BY BETH.

THE yellow-crested Cockatoo is not only a very beautiful, but it is also a very intelligent bird. When properly trained, it becomes a very good talker. Like the Macaw Parrot, it is sometimes very noisy; but it is far less violent in its habits than the macaw is. A Cockatoo from Australia was placed in the Museum, in this city, for about three months, during which time he learned to speak several words in imitation of a green paroquet. The gentle manners of the graceful Cockatoo made him a great favorite; he would, however, give an exhibition of temper at times, when handled by strangers, but towards his master he manifested the utmost gentleness and affection. No wonder Parrots, generally, are such favorites; they are attractive on account of their loquacity, imitating, as they do, the human voice; and also because of their gay plumage, which in many varieties is exceedingly brilliant and varied.



THE COCKATOO.

In the forests of tropical regions the Parrots are "at home." Humboldt describes these birds, surrounded by their noisy neighbors, the "howling monkeys," the whistling sapajous, and the snorting, grumbling "striped monkeys." The din of these, with the cries of the great tiger, the cougar or the American lion, the grunting of the peccary and the sloth, and the chattering of a host of Parrots gives a good idea of the associations of the Parrot family. No wonder the Parrot is a noisy bird!

To be Continued.

THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

From Chambers' Miscellany.

(Continued.)

OSWALD heard with pain all that the miller had to tell of the parish, then shook his head with a dejected air, and went away to meditate on the melancholy account.

On the next Sunday, after service, the people, as is customary in Germany, were assembled under the large lime-trees on the green. A weighty matter had drawn them together; for not only had they to consider how they should raise the taxes about to be levied, but also how they should make up old deficiencies of payment. The head men of Goldenthal formed the inner circle, and around them stood the women and children to hear the result of the consultation.

Oswald, who had been waiting for an opportunity of addressing his fellow-villagers on the state of affairs, thought he might do so now with advantage, and joined the assembly. When the overseers and others had done speaking, he mounted a stone, and after craving leave to be heard, which was not refused, he spoke as follows:

"Dear fellow villagers—I went away a boy to the field of battle, and have returned to you a man. Scarcely can I recognize my native village: my heart is pained by the alterations I find among you. Once our village deserved indeed the name of Goldenthal. You know that most of the people were once in good circumstances; few were poor, and none were beggars: we could lend money then to our neighbors, and had none of the anxieties and vexations of debtors: our land was well cultivated; our cottages were neat and clean, inside and outside. A Goldenthaler in those good days was a gentleman, and could have borrowed a hundred guilders on the bare credit of his word. That was the golden age of Goldenthal!"

Here all the assembly nodded assent, and some exclaimed: "Oswald is right for once!"

Oswald went on: "'Tis not so now! The place should be no longer called the Golden Valley, but rather the valley of dirt and thorns and thistles. The blessing of Heaven seems to have forsaken our fields; some have too much land, others have too little; the greater number of you do not improve what you have; you stupefy your senses with incessant smoking, or, what is worse, drinking: most of you are in debts and difficulties; and, being idle, you occupy yourselves in speaking evil of your neighbors. Our village has lost its good character, and is now known as one of the most intemperate and badly behaved places in the whole country; and when people wish to call any one a good-for nothing wretch, they say he is a Goldenthaler!"

At these plain words there was a muttering of displeasure among the hearers, and every brow looked threateningly on Oswald. Elizabeth, the miller's daughter, who stood listening on the bench before the house, trembled for the perilous situation of the too faithful expositor. But he went on: "Men of Goldenthal! if there is still a drop of honorable blood in your veins, join your hands and say: 'The village shall be mended!' Whence comes your ruin? From your taverns. There your land melts away in liquor, and your cattle are lost in gambling. I ask your parish officers where is the public money, or where is your strict account of what you have done with it? Why is it that you had rather eat at the public cost than drain the parish land, or mend your neck-breaking roads?"

Here two or three of the official men called out: "Hold your tongue, you vagabond! If you thus go on speaking evil of the

constituted authorities, we will send you to the lock-up, with bread and water for eight-and-forty hours!"

Oswald, however, went on: "You can put me into your prison, no doubt; but I can also bring you before your superiors. And when I tell them a little of your management, you will perhaps be less comfortable than I could be with bread and water. But I turn to you all, my fellow-villagers; show me if I have spoken falsely, or slandered any person. Ask your consciences whether you have done well or ill—whether you are notable for honesty and piety, or for indolence, fraud, and selfishness. Or, if your consciences have lost their tongues, look round you and behold your tumbling houses and sheds, your barren fields and gardens, your empty purses and chests, your ragged coats and tattered shirts, your destitute-looking children—these are my witnesses against you!"

The preacher would have said more, but he was hurled from the stone by the angry crowd. Some would have proceeded to violence; but Oswald thrust himself through the throng, and, having armed himself with a weighty cudgel, threatened severe punishment to the first who should dare to lay hands upon him. Loud outcries of vengeance pursued him homeward, and stones were hurled, one of which inflicted a wound upon his brow. But he reached his house without further injury, and there washed away the blood from his face, bound up the wound, and was soon composed and quiet. Elizabeth, pale and alarmed, came to inquire of his wound; but he assured her it was trifling, and bade her dismiss her fear.

So ended Oswald's first attempt at reformation; but he was not to be defeated. From the day on which he delivered his address, he continued to be the object of many petty persecutions. One night the boys threw stones at his windows; another night they barked six young fruit-trees in his garden. When he complained to the parish-officers of these offences, they only told him he had brought ill-will upon himself, and that he deserved worse than he got.

Not daunted with want of success in his exhortation, and possessing the ardor of a man convinced of the truthfulness of his cause, he now determined on trying to rouse the clergyman to adopt his views. Perhaps, thought he, he requires only a little coaxing; he has probably been disheartened without a proper reason. Oswald accordingly waited on the pastor, and as tenderly as possible laid before him the condition of the parish, waxing bolder, however, as he proceeded.

Having stated what he considered his case, the old man replied: "You are quite in a mistake coming to me. I have nothing to do with the concerns you mention, nor can I mix myself up in your business. All the unhappiness of this village is owing to the sinfulness of the people. They disregard the word of God. They defraud me of my dues in every possible way. The long suffering of Heaven cannot endure this much longer; and there must surely come a heavy judgment upon them."

"But, sir," said Oswald, "you can do something towards the reformation of these people. Their lives are vicious, because their minds are dark and ignorant. If you would encourage a better regulation of the school, the young might grow up well informed and with good habits, and we should doubtless reap good fruit from such a labor."

The clergyman answered: "That is the schoolmaster's business, not mine; I have no time for it. I have enough to do to study my sermons."

Oswald still urged his petition: "Sir, I am sorry to have to remind you, that if you were a good shepherd, you would be bound to care for every one of your flock. If you did but visit their abodes, and see how they have habituated themselves to

vice, indolence, and misery; if you could see the neglected children who are growing up in the midst of so many bad examples; if you could"—

Here the old parson, who had been listening impatiently to the harangue of his visitor, interrupted him by exclaiming: "This is intolerable. You, an unlettered man, come here to lecture me on my duties! Pray, what do you take me for? Do you think I am a police-officer, to be poking about everywhere? The flock should themselves attend to their temporal concerns. I am a spiritual pastor, and know my place. Get along with you; and let me hear no more of such impertinence!"

Oswald left the parsonage disappointed. Pretty nearly at his wits' end, he bethought him of taking counsel from the magistrates of the next town, who had a kind of supervisional authority over Goldenthal. Having arrayed himself in his best suit, and taken his walking-stick in his hand, he set out for the neighboring town, where he expected to find good advisers and helpers. On his arrival, he waited on the most respectable public characters to lay the condition of Goldenthal before them. But the first person he applied to was giving a great dinner, and could not attend to the miserable story; another was just going to take a walk, and could not stop; a third was deeply immersed in a game of billiards, which required all his thoughts; a fourth was reckoning up his accounts, and had no time for any other business; a fifth was about to conduct a lady to the dancing-room, and of course could not be interrupted; the sixth, an old gentleman with a white peruke and queue, sitting in an easy-chair, looked patronizingly on Oswald; without desiring him to be seated, he heard the story he had to tell of the misery of Goldenthal, the bad measures of the parish-officers, and the ignorance of the schoolmaster—to all which he shook his head very gravely.

(To be Continued.)

A Trip to Our Antipodes.

BY HUGH KNOUGH.

CHAPTER II.

HERE we are at last on board of a real ocean steamship. Oh dear, what a contrast to the little pleasure toy on Salt Lake! As we roam over the huge monster we become confused and lose our way; turning and twisting about we give way to despair; and truly we might just as well be let loose in a large and strange town and then left to find our way. But here comes our friend "Hugh" he will put us right. Well, my fellow voyagers, as many of you have never before been on board a large ship, in fact, I am doubtful that you have ever before seen the grand and open ocean, suppose we pull up here for a minute, and get our bearings as the sailors say, of this big ship. The first thing to consider is its size and capacity, its tonnage is nearly 5,000 tons (Now just compare this with the *General Garfield* on our lake at home and then you can form some idea of the size of the monster. Why yes, it takes nearly sixty-seven of the size of the little fellow to make one like this). Its engines are about 1,000 horse power, and its average speed about twelve knots (miles) an hour. The vessel is divided into three districts: for'ard, midships and aft. In the forepart of the vessel is the fore-castle, where the sailors board and sleep, and adjoining, the cow, sheep and pig pens—a' kept very neat and clean; at midship, or middle part, are

the engines (and huge monsters they are), petty officers' quarters and kitchens (here called "galley-") and adjoining are the steerage or second cabin passengers' quarters; the upper part of the after part of the ship is called the "poop," and is used as a promenade for the cabin passengers, and below which are the saloons and state rooms. The lower part of the ship is called "the hold" and is used for stowing away goods etc., here called cargo or freight. Now let us seek our cabins and see what they are like. What snug and pretty little rooms, every convenience, and so nice and clean. But what are these long shelves for? You ignoramuses, those shelves, as you call them, are your beds, here called "berths," and real nice and comfortable they are, when you get used to them.

Hark! there is that steam whistle shrieking again, and I am sure the vessel is moving; let us hasten on deck. Why, we are about leaving the wharf, and all the friends of the passengers are rushing on shore, no doubt not wishing to be taken on a voyage of a few thousand miles without their consent and unknown to their friends on shore. The captain is now on the bridge of the ship and giving orders to let go the great hawsers that have kept the ship secure to the wharf, we are moving out into the stream, and see! there is a powerful little steamer (a "tug" you call it?) pulling our big ship along. How the little fellow puffs and snorts, and pulls its big brother along!

We are now passing down the bay of San Francisco. What a beautiful sight! The city, with the fleets of all kinds of vessels, is on our left, and has a most picturesque appearance. Here on the right is Goat Island, strongly fortified to protect the city and harbor, and beyond is the beautiful city of Oakland; and miles up that gulf is Vallejo (pronounced Vallayo) and adjoining is Mare Island, the great navy yard. Look now to the left! we have left the city behind us, and are now passing the Presidio (a strong military post) and right before us, through an opening, we see the mighty ocean. This opening is called the Golden Gate, famous in history and song; and as we pass through, on our left we see the Cliff House (a favorite resort of the San Franciscans), and with the help of our glasses, we see that on the rocks in front of the house are numerous large things creeping about. What can they be? Those are sea lions in all their glory, in their native element. They eat, sleep, sport and multiply on those rocks without molestation, for the State has a law prohibiting their destruction.

How nicely we are moving along! What is the name of those little islands in the distance? Those are the "Farallones," the home of immense flocks of birds, and people go there at certain seasons and load their boats with bird's eggs, which they sell very cheap in San Francisco. How little everything looks on shore, and now they are lost to sight and the shore looks only like a long dark line on the horizon. Goodness! How the ship begins to roll and pitch, we can hardly stand on our feet; but how easy the sailors can run and walk about; they don't seem to feel it in the least. Never mind, we will soon get used to it, so let us go to the saloon, for the lunch bell is ringing. What, you don't feel hungry? Why, how pale your face is, what is the matter with you? You feel sick, eh? Well, well, let us retire to our cabins and turn into bunk, for, although some people are exempt from the distressing malady of sea-sickness, and laugh at those who suffer from it, still it is no joke and makes us feel very mean and miserable while under its sway. But a few hours will bring us to ourselves once more and we will be braced up so that we can withstand almost anything; and then talk about appetite, why that of an ostrich will be nothing to ours, for we shall feel as if we could make a meal of a pig of iron, and that a printer's "pi" would be a great dainty.

REJOICING.

WORDS FROM L. D. S. HYMN BOOK, PAGE 68.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Not Too Fast.

A way with our fears! the glad morning appears. When an heir of sal - vation was born.
From Je - hovah I came, for his glory I am, and to him I with singing re - turn.

From Je - hovah I came, for his glory I am, And to him I with singing re - turn.

AN ADVENTURE AT TABOGA.

BY G. M. O.

(Concluded.)

IN my agitation, and without stopping to think, I caught the lady around the knees and hoisted her from the ground. This was all proper enough; but here my confusion and want of presence of mind spoiled the job. I should have waited until the in-coming wave broke, and, as it rolled back to the sea, followed the receding water; but, bewildered with the novel position I was in, I started at once for the boat. I saw a huge wave six feet high rolling in; the lady saw it too, and I put in my best licks to reach the boat. I was not five yards from it, when the wave struck me full in the chest, with tremendous force. I staggered manfully to keep up, but the treacherous sand washed from under my feet. I reeled, staggered and tottered, and, being top-heavy, over we went, the huge sea rolling and tumbling us up the beach. As the "under tow" ran back with almost as much force, we were carried back with almost equal velocity. I managed to stop myself, however, before getting into deep water; and, as soon as my eyes were clear of sand and brine, I looked for the lady. She was floundering away in the surf, still holding to her parasol. I made all haste to the rescue, and was within a few feet of her when another roller sent us careening over the sand. Again the under tow carried us seaward; and I again stopped myself in the sands. Mrs. White was still bobbing and kicking in the surf. I made another desperate effort for her deliverance, and again I was within a few feet of her, when a breaker sent us the third time "kiting" inland. I was a good swimmer, and determined now to let the swell take me into deep water with the lady, and by that means be close at hand, to render assistance to the now almost drowned woman. So I let the wave carry me into the sea, and, as soon as I could get my head above water, I looked for Mrs. White. Fortunately, I saw her making tracks at her best speed for dry land. She had caught herself in the sand. But, oh! what a plight! What a wreck! The starch had washed out of her frills, and her clothes clung to her body as tenaciously as poor relations cling to rich uncles. She still retained possession of the purple parasol, but it was turned inside out.

The captain remained in the boat enjoying the fun until he saw his wife scampering for dry land, when with a face almost as long as his arm he joined her. As soon as she found herself safe and secure, she turned, and, shaking her ruined parasol over her head, while her eyes flashed ten thousand daggers at me, she let loose her jaw tackle, and all the English oaths she could remember were mixed up with a thousand Spanish curses. Could she have got at me, there is no knowing how the affair would have ended; but luckily for me, she had had enough of salt water. The captain waved us off to the hulk, for he had no chance to get a word in, and we lost not a moment in making ourselves scarce. As long as we remained in sight the woman kept up her abuse.

Louis and I had a good laugh over the affair; and when we arrived on board and told it to Daniels, he grinned until his red nose turned blue.

The next day I resigned my position on the hulk. I had had enough of ship-keeping and beach-combing to last me the rest of my life; but I never take hold of a lady now without thinking of my adventure at Taboga; and I always wait until the wave has broken, before I pitch in.

CATECHISM.—We have been induced to publish the present number without the usual column of "Questions and Answers" on the Bible and Book of Mormon, from a conviction that most of the Sunday Schools have not been able to make use of them as fast as we have published them for a few weeks past. They will, however, be continued in our next number.

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